

Rivertown Babies, by Sarah (Aue) Palodichuk

After growing up in farm country, I assumed my kids would have similar experiences when we settled down in Prescott. Truth is, they are Rivertown Babies.

As a toddler, my daughter excitedly identified the St. Croix from her window and the M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I out mine as we crossed the bridge. Now she is the teacher, throwing in that big, beautiful word “confluence” as she tells her brother about the meeting of the rivers.

Did I mention it was a lift bridge? Like clockwork, the ice goes out, barges start appearing, the marina opens ... and the lift bridge syncs with our schedule. "Mama, are we going to be late?" asks a tiny voice as the stoplight flashes yellow.

There is great joy, though, in the sight and sound of the choo choo rumbling across its own span, traveling carefully along the mighty river. We listen with windows down, car carefully angled to optimize the view from all seats.

Boaters enjoy holidays, bikers love the Flood Run, and visitors shop and eat downtown, but little ones look out the sunroof for eagles, know their beaches have currents, and can't get enough of Freedom Park.

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